VOLUME LV CHICAGO, JULY 6, 1905. NUMBER 19

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

FREEDOM.

We are not free: doth Freedom, then, consist
In musing with our faces toward the Past,
While pretty cares and crawling interests twist
Their spider-threads about us, which at last
Grow strong as iron chains, to cramp and bind
In formal narrowness heart, soul, and mind?
Freedom is recreated year by year
In hearts wide open on the Godward side,
In souls calm-cadenced as the whirling sphere,
In minds that sway the future like a tide.
No broadest creeds can hold her, and no codes;
She chooses men for her august abodes,
Building them fair and fronting to the dawn;
Yet, when we seek her, we but find a few
Light footprints, leading morn-ward through the dew:
Before the day had risen, she was gone.

—James Russell Lowell.

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The Tower Hill Summer School

July 15--August 20, 1905

Religions of the Elder World
JENKIN LLOYD JONES

Hindu Epics . . . . ANNIE B. MITCHELL

Making an Anthology of English Poetry
JENKIN LLOYD JONES

Birds and Hunting With a Camera
REV. R. E. OLMSTEAD

Insect Life on the Hill . . T. LLOYD JONES

Ferns and Flowers . . ROSALIA HATHERALL

FOR TERMS, BOARD, &c.,

Address

MRS. EDITH LACKERSTEEN
SPRING GREEN WISCONSIN

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LV. THURSDAY, JULY 6, 1905. NUMBER 19

Who is it will not dare himself to trust?
Who is it hath not strength to stand alone?
Who is it thwarts and bilks the inward MUST?
He and his works, like sand, from earth are blown.

Shall we not heed the lesson taught of old,
And by the Present's lips repeated still,
In our own single manhood to be bold,
Fortressed in conscience and impregnable will?

—*James Russell Lowell.*

The Senior Editor of UNITY writes this note as he starts forth on his good horse Roos for the annual ride to Wisconsin. Before it reaches the eyes of the readers he will be at it on Tower Hill, where he will remain for the most part till September. The editorial and business address will be as usual Spring Green, Wis. Meanwhile Robert P. Doremus, of the Meadville Theological School, will be on duty at the Abraham Lincoln Centre as office editor and director of the Sunday ministrations of All Souls Church. The Treasurer of the Company, Miss Leppo, and the bookseller and bookbuyer, Miss Walker, will also be at Tower Hill and all business communications to this department will save time if directed to Spring Green, Wis., but all mail will reach there ultimately. We must bespeak the usual forbearance of our readers for shortcomings incident to this long-arm editing.

"Luther Burbank—Wizard," is an interesting appreciation in the July *Pilgrim.* Luther Burbank is *the* Burbank, referring to whom, Rev. E. P. Powell said in his paper at the Congress published in last week's issue of UNITY: "If to be a Christian means to be well-informed concerning St. Paul's travels, and to be ignorant of the Shasta daisy, the Burbank plum, and the village Leclaire, then we can well afford to be heathen." Mr. Burbank's work, says the *Pilgrim,* "is everywhere recognized as one of the greatest contributors to the world's wealth and well-being . . . as one who is to make the desert places blossom as the rose, and bring forth fruits for the feeding of the nations." The Burbank potato, the Burbank plum, the Shasta daisy, and the two thousand other plants originated by Mr. Burbank, have been eclipsed by his latest achievement, the creation from the acrid prickly pear or cactus of the desert, a delicious edible for man and beast, able to redeem the waste lands of the earth and double the food supply of the world. The *Pilgrim* sees the secret of his success in the fact that "Mr. Burbank is first of all a thinker; next he is a worker; next he is bound up in his work as one who loves to serve, and is filled with enthusiasm for his high calling." And surely it is a high calling to be a co-worker with God in the garden of the world, though Mr. Burbank has been criticized by narrow pulpits as "an insulter of Deity, impiously trying to improve upon the Creator's handiwork." Rather, the Spirit of the universe is ever re-creating the world through man, its highest creation, creating anew the world of material values, the world of spiritual values, which are at the last one; creating them anew through every cultivator of the ground, every earnest, disinterested worker in every phase of human activity, who, like Mr. Burbank, "loves to serve." D.

Before this issue of UNITY is in print Independence Day will have come and gone, and we shall have once more celebrated our long ago won national freedom. While the firecrackers burst and the country orator waxes eloquent we shall have a thought for those today expressions of that manly independence and bravery which asserts the right of every people, as of every individual, to live its own peculiar life untrammeled; Japan, battling valiantly in the Far-East, with the hearts of freedom-loving people joying in her success; the battle mightier far waging within the Russian Autocracy; the battle of the Russian people struggling for the right to be men and citizens, not slaves, while the American heart thrills with them, seeing there embodied its own ideals of liberty. Yet there are some independencies that we can't feel so joyous about, such as the dissolving by Norway of the union of two sister-nations, which should be one in sympathies as in blood and traditions; a declaration of freedom that may bring with it unnecessary bloodshed to crown its bitterness, and in this year 1905 already so deeply crimsoned with the blood of nations. But our Independence Day! Is it really *our* Independence, that long ago won freedom? Is not that our *fathers'* independence? Is any independence *ours* but that *we* win? Haven't we, while we glory in the traditions that cluster about our Stars and Stripes, greater battles of our own to fight for a truer, a manlier, a higher independence, and independence from the *within* rather than from the *without?* an independence from the spirit of commercialism and greed that dominates our financial life and culminates in men such as the one painted by Miss Tarbell in the July *McClure's,* or in conditions of graft such as those disclosed by the recent Milwaukee investigations? an independence from the inter-

class hatreds, the selfish corporate greed, the brutal tyranny of organized labor, the corrupt walking delegate, that have merged into the lawless Chicago strike? Independence from the political corruptions, the slavery of conventional methods, the subserviences to bosses and machines that curse America? If we could celebrate *that* kind of an Independence Day! And we will. Not this July, nor the next, nor the next. But we are moving toward it. Over in Philadelphia honest men may celebrate an honest Independence Day this year—most of all that Mayor who has awakened to his responsibility and asserted his manhood, and integrity, and independence. But the great National Independence Day, if it is to come, must rest on the personal independence days that go before. Let us assert personally our independence this glorious Fourth, from all that threatens or hampers our best life, national and individual; our independence from party lines and sectarian boundaries, from rims and from isms; from the devils of conformity and consistency; and let us claim our right to be ourselves—ourselves at our greatest and best. D.

The Fall of "Old Eli"; The Rise of a "New Yale."

The papers say that hundreds of the Alumni at the banquet cheered tumultously the announcement by President Hadley of the "generous" gift of a million dollars by John D. Rockefeller to the endowment fund of Yale University. Over against this cheering crowd should be put the silent hundreds to whom the news brought a shock such as comes with a death notice of an old and trusted friend.

"Old Eli," the college founded in obscurity, poverty and prayer; the school of unswerving integrity; of puritanic conscience; the school that preferred rigidity of morals to numbers or the popularity and wealth that go with *numbers* received a deadly blow in that announcement.

A "new" Yale that is "in the race," and "on to the games" received by the same token a great push forward. Henceforth the conservatism of a "high Christian character" that was the boast of the fathers of "Old Eli" gives way to the boast of "Millions," the "adequate equipment," the "growing endowment," etc., etc. This "New" Yale may even yet dispute commercial supremacy with the new "educational plants" of the west that have sprung into prominence through the "generosity" of millionaire founders or the nimble activity of politicians but the old school of severe morals, of simple piety and a conscience "void of offense" has ceased to be. Not on account of the tainted *dollars.* This money will go as far as any other money in the paying of salaries, buying bread, clothes or books for indigent students as would the same amount taken from a bank vault by a skillful cracksman, but it is the *tainted conscience* of the management that brings a blight on "Old Eli." There is honest sweat somewhere in every dollar, hence it is a dollar. Money like running waters is purified by motion but it is a more difficult matter to get the taint off of the corporate conscience of a great and honorable institution such as is worthily represented by "Old Eli," which represents three centuries of character accumulations and religious stratification.

John D. Rockefeller is on trial before the bar of public opinion; not for being, perhaps the richest man in the world, but for having accumulated that wealth by dishonorable means, the best his nearest co-laborer can say for him is that the private rebate and the debauchery of public carriers incident thereto was *"not then considered immoral."* Yale University in accepting this million has permitted the accused through it to prejudice the jury in his favor.

Mr. Rockefeller's theology permits him to look for immunity from punishment in the next world through the atoning blood of a mediator, but he sorely needs vindication in this world and Yale has ignored the charges and treated with him as with one whose hands are clean.

The President of Yale assured the graduates that there were no conditions imposed; certainly not, why should there be? The acceptance of the "gift" on any terms at this time was a boon.

Yale has long been the oracle of the Congregational Churches of America. Many of her sons, with Washington Gladden in the lead, have tried to hold up the higher standard of integrity in business. Yale, in accepting this gift now, has rebuked the prophetic voices it has nourished and fostered.

Opportune "donations" have already rendered silent the "Baptist" voice in its corporate capacity on this question in America. This action of Yale will go far towards muffling the Congregational trumpet.

But, says the good president, the "gift" is "unconditioned"; certainly it is, but our civilization is yet much more sensitive to the demands of good manners than the demands of good morals. College presidents and professors as well as preachers of the gospel are well mannered; they know how to be polite.

UNITY rejoiced in the appointment of Professor Hadley to the presidency of Yale as a token that scholarship and academic dignity and power were not wholly inaccessible to such an office. But when he violated the gracious anonymosity of the subscriber's list in the interest of this *"one exceptionally generous giver,"* he spoke not as a philosopher or an authority on economic questions but as a shrewd President Hustler with his eye fixed on "the more to come."

We object not to the dollars but this publicity given to the accused at the bar, the quasi denials of the unanswered charge that he is a great criminal. The battle with unscrupulous commercialism is the ethical battle of the twentieth century. It is being fought largely without the aid of the churches because "the churches must live.." (Must they at such a price?) It may be that it will have to be fought with a waning help from the schools but it must be fought and in this fight we hope it will be seen that the spirit of "Old Eli" still lives notwithstanding.

Child Salvation.

The three items of strongest appeal to us among the exchanges of the week group themselves about the ever clamoring problem of child salvation which the world of today is recognizing with growing clearness, is the problem of its own vitality, and a much more insistent and live problem than that of the "salvation of the heathen." The rapidly developing sense of the possibilities latent in even the most degenerate child-life is showing itself in increasing reverence for the "soul stuff" with which we have to deal and in rapidly multiplying means for its perfection into soul-life. "The Kid Judge of Denver," by Henry J. Haskell, in the *Outlook* for June 24, is a keen appreciation of the character and work of "Ben B. Lindsay, Judge of the County Court of Denver":

"Colorado thinks its juvenile laws the best in the Union. They are. They provide for the paroling of young offenders and for compulsory school attendance; they prohibit child labor and the confinement of children under fourteen years of age in jails, and they penalize contributory delinquency on the part of the parents and other adults. The capital city, moreover, maintains an admirable detention school, where delinquent children may be sent temporarily. Besides, there is a State Industrial School for boys at Golden, and for girls at Morrison. But the chief factor in the Colorado situation is not the laws, but the personality behind them. For this short, slight, boyish man of thirty-five, in the frock coat, with the keen eyes and the soft voice, has his finger on every troublesome boy in the city, and under his wise management the leaders of the 'gangs' have been transformed into pillars of the law."

His secret is that he meets the boys on their own ground, sympathizes with them, understands them and knows the currents of boy-life. He appeals to their latent sense of honor, trusts them, brings out the best that is in them. Seven boys out of a large gang were arrested for malicious destruction of railway property. He didn't ask them to "tell on" the rest—otherwise "snitch"—but through them he induced the whole fifty-two guilty lads to come into court. "No kid has snitched, but if you'll come the Judge'll give you a square deal." Once there, he organized them into a Little Citizens' League to maintain order in the neighborhood:

"Now, we're not going to have any more policemen out there," he said to the League. "I've told the company that I'll be responsible for their having no more trouble. I'm depending on you, now. You won't throw me down, boys, will you?" "You bet we won't, Judge," they shouted. And they didn't.

He has provided shower baths for the lads before they come into court, understanding the inspirational effect of cleanliness. He is sympathetic, interpretative, quick of eye to catch the physical defect often underlying moral delinquency.

"The Judge fails sometimes, of course, but not often; for his work does not stop with office hours. The boys come to advise with him in chambers or at his home nearly every evening. He takes them to dinner or to the 'show.' Through his friends and through the Juvenile Improvement Association which he has organized, he finds them work in town or in the Colorado beet-fields."

The keen, magnetic and yet gentle eyes which we see in Judge Lindsay's portrait, the sympathetic nature revealed in the mouth lines, show the compelling humanity of the personality that lies behind the success of this lover of boys. The second of these boy items is an article in *The New Voice* of June 22, "Birdseye View of the Chicago Boys' Club," by Maud Russell:

"Ask any newsboy on the Chicago downtown streets if he knows of the 'Chicago Boys' Club,' and watch his eyes glisten. This 'Boys' Club' was founded by Mr. J. F. Atkinson in 1901, and is especially designed for the boys of the street—the newsboys, the bootblacks, the waifs and the strays, who live in the slums, in houses crowded with life, human and inhuman, almost without light or air, sandwiched between the lowest of saloons, whose front doors often open into dirty alleys, which know garbage but no garbage boxes; those whose earliest recollections are not mother's lullabies, but the sound of saloon brawls, and whose first play-ground was a saloon's back door yard. . . . The club-house itself is one of the most important factors in the work. It occupies the second, third, and fourth floors of a building at 262 State street, a most excellent location for the purpose. The second floor is taken up by the offices; the assembly room, where lectures and entertainments are given for the boys; and the reading room, which is also the meeting place of the Young Citizens' Club, entirely officered and conducted by the boys themselves. On the third floor is found the large play room, filled with games of all sorts; the cobbling shop where a practical shoemaker is employed to teach the boys, and where they mend their own shoes, as well as the shoes of other members of their families; the art rooms, where are taught drawing, modelling, and basket-weaving, and where much skill is shown, especially by the little Italian boys; and the kindergarten, where the smaller children are cared for. On the next floor are the gymnasium, the baths, and the manual training department, which is a favorite with the boys. It is a little world in itself, with everything bright and clean—a bath and play for the boy who has worked hard all day, and a chance to learn almost anything helpful, and the best of influence running through it all. . . . The cards distributed by the boys inviting new members, contain the following lines:

"God Wants the Boys.
God wants the boys, the merry boys,
The noisy boys, the funny boys,
The thoughtless boys.
God wants the boys with all their joys,
That He as gold may make them pure,
And teach them trials to endure.
His heroes brave he'd have them be,
Fighting for truth and purity;
God wants the boys.
Are you willing to be God's boy?"

The writer's interest, aroused by this article in *The New Voice,* carried him down the other evening to see the club personally. By the kindness of Superintendent Colby, he went through the classes and saw the boys at work and at play. He accepted gladly an invitation, "Please play a game of checkers, teacher," and was equally pleased with boys and management. He was duly impressed with the necessity of the club, for from its back windows he looked at an alley below and an open chute, down which vagrant men and boys slide to sleep beneath the alley on piles of rubbish. There the workers go and find boys, many of them runaways, and "compel them to come in." The interest of the workers does not stop with the club but follows the boys into their homes and upon the streets in their hours away from the club, advises them, protects them, finds work for them, and throws about them a personal influence. The effort is only limited by the lack of sufficient workers, for whom there is a growing need. The response of the boys to the influence of the club is ready and appreciative. Even at this time of the year, when the numbers decrease markedly, the writer observed many faces of possibilities, "soul-stuff," only waiting the impress.

Lastly there comes from Marionville, Mo., a little sheet entitled *Purity Industrial Record,* with notes

on the Purity Industrial Home connected with Marionville Collegiate Institute:

"This movement is caused by the belief that our great curse is impurity, that little is done to counteract it, and the boy is not to blame, for he is not told the truth in a pure way, but is allowed to pick up his information in every hurtful way. The Purity feature requires a pledge for life against the use of alcohol and tobacco, abstinence from profanity and obscenity. Especial interest is taken in each boy in the line of personal purity. The industrial feature provides work for students. They cook, wash, iron, barber, typewrite, print, garden, cut wood, clear land, make brooms, blacksmith and farm."

In all these plans that enter into boy-life opens the growing perception that the future lies in the moulding of the present, that the time to redeem the world of a generation hence is now. In every locality, whether village or city, there is room for work among the boys, especially among the boys outside the circle of church influence. No church should be satisfied without a movement of this type. On the first Thursday in July there will open in the Abraham Lincoln Center a club for the lads of the neighborhood, offering games, music and classes. It starts in a modest way, with little equipment and with few workers; but with conviction of the need and with the belief that it will find loyal supporters among the lovers of boys and boylife. R. P. D.

The Tenth General Meeting of the Congress of Religion.

The Seat of Authority in Religion.

BY WILLIAM E. BARTON, D. D., PASTOR OF THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, OAK PARK, CHICAGO.

Authority is the right to command and enforce obedience. It implies and is co-ordinate with obligation. As is the authority which imposes the duty, so is the obligation to perform the duty. The two are commensurate.

In the Christian religion, authority is expressed in terms of the will of God, revealed in Christ,—the recorded words and deeds of historic Christ plus the continuous spiritual illumination of the essential Christ. But if we seek a final ground of authority, we must go back of all history, back of all actual revelation, metaphysically and ethically even of the will of God. For we are not at liberty to conceive of authority as the result of a fiat. The fact that God made us is not an ultimate reason for his authority over us. A man may exercise free choice with the egg he holds in his hand, whether to eat it for his own nourishment or to warm it into life. But if he chooses the latter, the fact that he had given life to the bird does not justify him in torturing it, or in defeating in any way the end of its being; it may even be his duty to set it free, and relinquish forever authority over it. His authority will not depend upon whether he created the spark of life within the egg itself. If it were possible for him to create eggs in the laboratory out of crude soil, or to hammer them out of metal on an anvil, or to produce them by magic out of a hat, his obligation to the helpless living thing would be the same as if he had found the bird dropped in his path from a ruined nest—plus the added obligation that comes from his deliberate choice in making the bird. If Prof. Loeb succeeds in making sea-urchins out of lifeless matter, his authority over the life he creates will be limited by the laws which govern his authority over the sea-urchins, and will be commensurate with responsibility for the good of the life he has created.

The obligation, of which authority is the potential equivalent, and the moral measure, inheres in the relations of sentient life. He who becomes an atheist is in no way released from the sway of authority, nor would he be free from those obligations even if his new creed were true. A man must not say, "I may not steal lest peradventure there be a God," for he knows that his obligation not to steal from his fellow man subsists in their personal relations, and is independent of all beings save himself and his neighbor, yet that it is related in some way to the welfare of an inclusive moral unity, which he may call either the good of all or the will of God. Even if the existence of God be denied, or his will a matter of doubt, the good of his neighbor constitutes a ground of authority.

When we speak of authority as though it originated in the will of God, we find ourselves giving reasons for that incomplete analysis of authority, as that God is great, wise and good. It is this greatness, wisdom and goodness which makes the will of God a fit synonym for an authority which inheres in the structure of ethical relationships.

Authority is objective, and it inheres in the need of other life, the life of God included, and in that of the ego, bearing its own relation as a part of the whole. But obligation is subjective. It does not perceive a duty as desirable, but as imperative. Absolute good is to be found only in the satisfaction of conscious, feeling life. To promote this absolute good, authority exists. The ground of authority is in the relation of moral beings, one to another.

Robinson Crusoe, discovering another man on his island, has no moral right to wait till he learns whether there is a God before ministering to Friday. If he knows that there is a God, and that God wills obedience to Golden Rule among men, well and good; but if God and the rest of the universe are blotted out, either from his belief or from actual existence, obligation remains, grounded in the ability of one sentient being to promote the welfare, which is, in the last analysis, the happiness of another. Widen the circle to include God and men and animals and plants, and angels and demons, life present and immortality to follow, and the principle remains. The final ground of authority is in the correlation of need and ability among rational, sentient beings.

But sentient beings are so interrelated, in a universe where all paths cross, yet proceed from a common beginning, and seem to make for a common end, that authority can be expressed in terms capable of reduction to intelligible principles, and under the forms of established law. These laws and principles are so related to the moral life of the world as to be consistent with the interpretation of their derivation through the revealed will of God. To that will of God, a God himself eternally in accord with all ethical obligation, it is sufficient to refer any practical question of moral conduct. The Christian thinker is supposed to have settled, as a part of his system, the perfect accord of the will of God with the fundamental principles of right. To those principles of right, intangible, speculative, metaphysical, he has no ordinary need to refer questions of obligation. It is enough to ask, What is the will of God? and, believing that once in history God revealed his will in Christ, we have no occasion to go back of the clear word of Christ on any matter affecting permanent moral conditions in human life.

So far as this we may assume ourselves to have come. And the special inquiry before us is, How does God now manifest his authority? Through what channels may we expect to receive indications of the will of God? The inquiry is for Theists and for Christian

Theists. Jesus spoke with authority. He had to men the religious value of God. Where shall we seek a present expression of the authority which Jesus possessed? The answers given by Christians of different schools are fourfold: Nature, the Bible, the Church, and the Reason.

1. Nature.

In a consideration of the place of Nature as an expression of the Divine will, all Christians find common ground not only for their own agreement, but for that of all Theists. There is essential agreement, not only as to the content, but the limitations also of such revelation as nature affords. We are agreed that truth derived from nature cannot contradict any other truth; and, if we use the term nature in a sense large enough to include the human soul itself, we can make our definition large enough to include philosophy, of which it may still be said, as was said of old, that while it can bake us no bread it can procure for us God, freedom, and immortality.

But for today's inquiry, Nature may not long occupy our thought, since our special inquiry is for that basis of authority which, whether it ought to have been or not, was not commonly included within the limits of natural theology; and especially because it is apparent at a glance that nature must disclose its authority through the medium of the human soul. Therefore, we may reduce our four divisions to three, and say that authority may now be assumed to express itself through either the Bible, the Church or the reason, or through two or all of these.

The Protestant world has undergone two notable controversies in the latter half of the nineteenth century. One was the upheaval which attended the Oxford controversy, and the going over to Rome in 1854 of John Henry Newman and others, who ceased to consider the Bible the supreme source of authority, and located it in the Church. The second was in the trial of Prof. Charles A. Briggs for the affirmation contained in his inaugural address in Union Theological Seminary in 1890 that "There are historically three great fountains of divine authority,—the Bible, the Church and the Reason."

The literature of the subject, while not all created by these controversies, naturally relates itself to the discussions which they made general. The tracts to which the Oxford movement gave birth are in themselves very dry reading; but the theories which they adduce are finding more and more popular expression every day. There have been many recent expressions of those who regard the Church as the supreme source of authority, largely from Episcopalians whose face is set directly Romeward, or well aslant; and they are significant. On the contrary, two very notable books have become familiar to the Protestant world, in which the supremacy of the reason, including always the conscience and the religious affections, is set forth. These are James Martineau's "Seat of Authority in Religion," which appeared in 1890, and Sabbatier's "Religions of Authority," published in 1904. These are well known, and need no extensive treatment in a paper like this.

We assume the authority of God, an authority resting not primarily upon his power, but on a benevolence commensurate with that power. We assume the authority of Christ, based on his consciousness of his relations to God, the self-evidencing power of his truth, and the manifest goodness and religious value of his life and influence. This, if nothing else, brings authority to earth, and makes it tangible. By what is that authority perpetuated? By the Church, which is his body; doubtless, for he did not speak idle words when he said "Whatsoever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven." But this is not all. In the Bible, to whose older records he appealed, and whose later books were written by those who were guided by his Spirit. Which of the two is the real source of authority—the Bible or the Church? There was a time when Protestants were ready to unite on one answer and Romanists on the other. There must come a time when both shall agree—and perhaps upon a third.

2. The Church.

There is a notable tendency on the part of some who once called themselves Protestants and now are less proud of the name than their fathers were, to lay new emphasis on the authority of the Church. A number of tracts have recently appeared containing rather surprising statements of this character.

As an example of this emphasis on the authority of the Church, I quote from a catechism by Rev. W. H. Vibert, which I am informed is not counted at all extreme by modern high-church Episcopalians:

"How do you know that there is only one Church?"

"The creed tells us so."

"Was the creed made by men?"

"No; for no man can make the Creed."

"Where did the creed come from?"

"It came from Almighty God."

In later following questions and answers the child is taught that the creed referred to is the Apostles' Creed, whose other form is the Nicene Creed. Then it proceeds,—

"Is the Creed taken out of the New Testament?"

"It is not taken out of the New Testament."

"How do you know it is not?"

"Because the Creed existed before a word of the New Testament was written."

This would be convenient if it could endure analysis. The authority of a creed is certainly no greater than the authority of the Church, and perhaps not even of that. The authority of the Church, expressed through the Apostles' Creed, is an authority which cannot be located or defined. The creed in its present form, we can trace back to the eighth century, with somewhat full knowledge of the processes by which through five or six preceding centuries it had wrought itself into form. To the student of Church History the statement that the creed was not made by men is to be taken as a metaphor. If God made the creed, he revealed it through the minds of men, and in part we know the men. So the problem reverts to its original form, the relation of the Spirit of God to the minds of those men through whom he revealed his will in terms of the creed.

Roman Catholics themselves have never been quite certain how the authority of the Church is expressed: they shuffle back and forth between the authority of councils and the authority of popes, with much of ingenuity sifting out the councils which are manifestly inconvenient for such a theory and the utterances of popes which, being plainly contradictory, were not given *ex cathedra*. But by what authority does the modern Christian, or even the modern church, determine which of the conflicting utterances of various popes and which of the discordant findings of warring councils he shall receive as from God? Must there not still be a Spirit of God in the modern Christian? The church, no matter how authoritative, cannot get back of this; for which church shall one hear, the church of Avignon or the church in Rome, the church of the East or the church of the West? If we have light by which to pass on these conflicting claims of bodies professing to incarnate the authority of the Spirit of God, it must be by that same Spirit.

Vain and foolish, then, is the attempt to express authority in creeds. It is as unhistorical as unphilosophical to vest the so-called Apostles' Creed with final authority. Which unknown authors were authoritative, those who began it in the second century or those who added to it down to the fourth or even the eighth, when the descent into hell was included? And if some unknown man in the eighth century had a right to add the descent into hell, why may not a Christian, known or unknown, of the twentieth century omit it or add another article of faith?

Creed and church are both expression of an authority which lies further back, the authority of the Spirit of God; and in both cases the authority is expressed through the only medium through which access could be had to the souls of men.

The church is not the meeting-house, but the men and women who worship therein. The authority is not the authority of formal organization, which is always fallible and has often been wrong, morally as well as in its discernment of truth, judged by whatever test may be applied. The church has authority so long and only so long as it is guided in the Spirit of God. If then we seek for authority in the church it reverts again to the Spirit of God and reveals itself through the minds of men.

3. The Bible.

The Protestant knows full well the fallacy of the infallible church. He has a long list of conflicting utterances of the church, and is sure that often both were wrong. He knows that the church is conservative and often bigoted and not always a perfectly translucent medium for the light of the Spirit of God. He knows that the Greek church in Russia is today too conservative to lead in the awakening which Russia must receive; that the church in the days of the French revolution was not on the side of progress or of human rights; that the church in the time of Torquemado was the church of a bloody persecution, and that progress had to be made in spite of it; that the church in Christ's day became the agent of the Crucifixion. He knows that the church is no more infallible than the men who compose it. But he has, and glories in, the Bible.

Now when the Protestant seeks authority for the Bible he finds some of the old arguments no longer available. Miracles are a less valid proof than they once were. The Christian apologist may not say, "The Bible is from God because the men who wrote it wrought miracles to prove their authority, and the account of the miracles is infallible because it is in the Bible." He knows that it will not do first to hang faith in miracles on the Bible and then to suspend the Bible from the miracles.

Moreover, he is not quite so sure that the testimony of Christ is intended to cover everything in the Old and New Testaments, and nothing more. The appeal of Jesus to the Old Testament is often, as he sees, an *argumentum ad hominum,* and probably quite different from one that Jesus might have employed in addressing Gentiles, different certainly from that I used by Paul at Athens. And he asks properly, Who knows just what books Jesus regarded as authoritative in the Old Testament and to just what group of men he promised his Spirit for guidance in the writing of the New?

We have arbitrarily limited the promise of the Lord to pour out his Spirit. The promise is to all believers. Every man who has the Spirit of Christ is an inspired man, for this is exactly what inspiration means. And every Christian is inspired; so that Paul definitely says that if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his; and that, conversely, but more largely, as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they, having kinship with Christ, are the sons of God. This is absolutely inclusive of all Christians. Being a Christian, then, is nothing more nor less than this, the living without ourselves of the Christ life, the life of union with the Spirit of God.

There is some justice in the word of Sabatier: "The church and theology have singularly fallen from this high position. Having reduced inspiration to the theory of intellectual infallibility, they have separated it from the Christian life and have forgotten that the gift of the regenerating and enlightening Spirit is organically connected with the life of all Christians." (P. 305.)

The Spirit is given to impart a life; that life has its own laws and these laws have their divine authority. The church is the organic expression, the Bible the literary expression of that life. But the authority is of God and is in the ratio of the life imparted, whatever be the form of that life's expression.

If we consider the Bible as authority it is evident that the analysis is not complete. What gives the Bible its authority? The Spirit of God manifest in the Bible. And how is the Bible certified as authoritative? By the same Spirit, in the heart of the believer. The authority, then, is not primarily of the book but of the Spirit which inspired the book and accompanies the book. How was the Spirit discerned by those who wrote the Bible? Through the processes of the mind, enlightened by the Spirit of God. How is the spiritual truth of the Bible discerned by men of today? Through reason, conscience and the religious affections. The Bible, then, is the reflection and record of the influence of the Spirit on the minds of holy men; and by that same Spirit the record becomes intelligible to other minds. What, then, is the authority of the Bible? The answer is that both to the men who wrote it and to the men who read it the authority is that of the Spirit of God enlightening the souls of men.

What is the real basis of our confidence in the church? It is this, that we have tested by rational processes the conflicting claims of various religions and have determined from the weight of evidence that the church is of divine authority. We have done this by the processes of reason and the moral tests of our Christian consciousness. What is the ground of our confidence in the Bible? This, that we have tested intellectually the claims of various alleged sacred books and have satisfied ourselves that the Bible is best among them; that, historically, it has proved itself worthy to be considered the Word of God. In this case also the tests are and must be subjective.

We have no alternative but to sit in judgment on all religions that claim our allegiance and choose whom we will serve. This is the supreme fact in the glory of human life, that it has this mighty judicial act thrust upon it and can grant the cause no change of venue.

But do we sit in judgment on those institutions which claim to embody the Spirit of God? Is not this impious? No; it is not only reverent but necessary, and is repeatedly urged, nay forced, upon us by the Bible. We are exhorted not to believe every spirit but to try even the spirits, whether they be from God. By what right shall we men and women sit in judgment on the spirits? Thus, that we have the mind of Christ, and spiritual things are to be discerned spiritually. Thus we can be trusted to work out our own salvation, for God worketh in us; else would our

working it out be ruin. Whereas now it is a saver of life unto life. "Know ye not that we shall judge angels?" (I Cor. 6:3.) The authority for this judgment of things and beings and systems in high heaven is the Spirit of God in human life. This is the ultimate ground of authority.

By whichever path we travel, then, we come back to the human soul and its relation to the Holy Spirit. Authority is of God, and the revelation of authority is through the soul of man, and the Bible and the church are the expression of that authority.

At one stage of the trial of Professor Briggs the Board of Trustees of Union Theological Seminary asked him a series of categorical questions, nine in number, of which the first was this: "Do you consider the Bible, the church and the reason as coordinate sources of authority?" He answered: "No." On this answer he was approved by the trustees of the Seminary. But had they asked which of the three is primary as a fountain of authority, what could he have answered? Not the Bible, certainly, for the church is older than the Bible; nor the church, for the soul of man is older than the church. The primary channel of revelation, and that from which all other human channels are supplied, is the human soul, illumined by the divine Spirit.

Light can never be more clear than the medium which transmits it. What we call sunlight is the light of the sun, more or less refracted and discolored by our atmosphere and its clouds and smoke, and still again imperfectly interpreted by the processes of our own vision. But all our knowledge of light and of the sun, save some theoretical speculations, is dependent on atmosphere and vision. Hence it were folly for us to attempt a science of optics and disregard the eye or even the air. Moral truth can only become as certain as the minds of the men to whom moral truth is revealed. Our confidence that we have found authority in religion can never exceed our confidence in our own mental processes and our own spiritual discernments.

But having determined by reason the authority of the revelation of God in Christ we may, nay must, trust God and follow Christ, not against reason but beyond the limitations of mere reason. And, having experienced in our own souls the life-giving and assuring impact of the Divine life, we may trust that life within for truth in excess of that which as yet we have appropriated. Of his fullness have all we received and grace for grace. If this be rationalism, it is rationalism as affording a basis for mysticism, or, better, for unfeigned spirituality and fellowship with God through Jesus Christ, made known within in the life of the Spirit. It is a rationalism with its feet on the solid earth but its face in the sunlight. So much of rationalism we must accept or we might as well be Buddhists or fire worshipers. It is the exercise of reason as a basis for faith.

In what I am now saying I speak as—not as a so-called liberal but as an orthodox minister—a Trinitarian, and without fear that what I am saying will seem to partake of any manner of heterodoxy. On the contrary, it is the truth which underlies orthodoxy in all its forms. Moreover, it is the solvent of the different sorts of orthodoxy. It is the discovery of the underlying harmony. For what does he mean who says the Bible, the Church, the Reason or Nature is the supreme authority? That, in some special sense, it is the organ of the Spirit of God in a revelation to the souls of men. Underlying all, then, is the Spirit of God. There is, then, no real disagreement but only an incomplete analysis, readily reducible to essential unity. God and the soul of man at one in the discovery of the soul's relations to its God—this is the fundamental fact.

Yet, lest we should seem to reduce religion to mere subjectivity and repeat the anarchy of the Book of Judges, that there is no king and every man does what is right in his own eyes, how are we to identify the expression of authority in the souls of men with the will of God? What have we in the way of objective reality? The whole moral universe; the sum total of the life of God.

The limitations upon the infinity of God are not those for which we seek when we strain our minds for a moment to compass space and come back tired with the report that we have found no fences and that God is infinite; the limitations are closer at hand. God's infinity, even as a physical fact, is bound up with the expression of his authority, the supreme authority of the moral universe—not only through man but through every man.

God made me out of what? Out of himself, for there was nothing else out of which to make me; that particular part of himself was called dust, but that matters not now: the dust was God's, and God was in the dust. And when God had made me out of himself where did he put me? Not outside himself, for there was no room outside. I am living, then, within the perimeter of God. There is as much of God on every side of me as there is on any side. To all intents and purposes I occupy space in the very midst of God. To what extent does God suffer displacement? In a very real sense God is me, yet I am not God. My limitations limit God. He cannot do many mighty works because of every limitation which I impose upon the life of God of which I am tenant. My immobility, my ignorance, my fatigue, my sickness, my sin, all impose limitations upon God. God is less than infinite until I am conformed to his will, until that part of God which I inhabit is Godlike.

This is not diving very deep into metaphysics; it is deeper than some men have ever taken the trouble to think, but there are greater depths beyond. Sound them as we will, this is the tale our plummet tells, that God himself is not complete till he subdues all things to himself and makes all moral life within the universe a fit expression of his own will.

God could have done without us; but, having made us, he has made us necessary to himself. He can only accomplish his work now by conforming us to himself. Nothing is farther from his desire than the elimination of human personality; nay, human personality becomes the necessary vehicle of divine revelation.

Not only on the manward side of the truth, then, are we shut up to the soul of man as the necessary vehicle of revelation and expression of moral authority, but on the divine side as well there is a restriction which is quite as imperative. God can only express himself in terms of his own life; in terms of human life; in terms therefore common to the life of God and man. And, unless God can ultimately express himself through all persistent moral life, God is less than infinite. The soul that sinneth persistently must die, because it is uprooted from its only source of moral growth and life. And in every soul that continues to live, working out its own salvation, God also works to will and to do of his good pleasure.

This is the condition desired by Moses, who would that all God's people were prophets. It is the glory foreseen by Jeremiah of a new covenant between God and men, written not in books or institutions but in their hearts. It is the ideal cherished by the apostle Paul of a wide diversity of gifts, all wrought by one

and the self same Spirit, with one God, working all in all.

It is evident that this relation of the Spirit of God to the soul of man as the basis of authority must underlie a rational interpretation both of the phenomena of inspiration and of the Incarnation itself. The divine life of Jesus was of that same Spirit. There are not two spiritual Gods, the Spirit of God and God the Spirit, much less are there three—the personality of the Spirit is the personality of God; that God, the same and only God, was in Christ. By that Spirit he was begotten, and in that Spirit he lived and wrought. His redemptive work becomes a part of creative work, a fundamental part and evolution of the plan of life, a thing whose relation is not limited to the mere accident or sin or to an episode in the life of one poor planet that went wrong, but is an essential element in the whole plan of God for all worlds.

The authority of Jesus was not external authority. He offered no claim based on the authority of any existing institution, whether temple or priesthood or written law. All these he came not to destroy but to fulfill. Yet he claimed no authority based upon them and refused to answer any question which challenged his authority with appeal either to these external institutions or even to his miracles. The authority of Christ was the authority of an indwelling God, expressed in terms of human relationships. It was the authority of perfect conformity to a divine ideal.

There must be a common basis of authority for the church in all worlds, for all moral nations, all organic effort in righteousness. If it were a monstrous and unnatural thing for the Divine Logos to dwell in human life there would be a strong presumption against its happening in any other world. We are not at liberty to suppose that the universe exists for this small planet, which is in comparison less than a grain of sand in the physical universe. Nor are we at liberty to think of so fantastic a conception as that Jesus of Nazareth should have been born and have died in every planet. Nor yet is it enough to suppose that other planets should be saved through the knowledge that in this remote and to them unknown corner of the universe the Son of God had died for the sins of those who are not the children of Adam. Clearly any such belief would contradict reason and find no authority in the Word of God. The word here made flesh can express itself in terms of whatever flesh can incarnate rational life in any world.

If the Spirit of God is a universal Spirit, then the soul of sentient beings can appropriate that Spirit and express Divine authority in any and in every world. And if the Christian religion is not a thing thrust upon men from without, but a normal development from within the souls of men, then every world may rise through successive stages of development, and its moral life can, and probably will, develop from within analogous embodiments of the same Spirit of God.

We shrink from efforts to be wise beyond what is written. But this is a universe, and the same Spirit of God is everywhere, and the same authority holds wherever there is moral life. We must believe that unto principalities and powers in heavenly places and in stellar worlds is made known by the same Spirit manifest in the church the manifold wisdom of God. And when Jesus shall have put down all rule and all authority, then shall the Son himself be subject unto God—and he has always been so subject—and God shall be all and in all, in all moral beings, and in all worlds. For there is one and only one supreme authority,

"One law, one faith, one element,
And one far off Divine event,
Toward which the whole creation moves."

The Coming South.

BY VANDELIA VARNUM THOMAS, READ AT THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION, THURSDAY, JUNE 1, 1905.

Much has been written these years concerning "The New South," and the South has not resented the inference that there was need of something new. And coming from that South, where we spend the greater part of each year, I wish to speak of it today to a "New North"—a North that is big enough to blot out the imaginary line of states and broad enough to bury in love the past, and democratic enough to allow every generation and people to work out untrammeled the great problem that a growing civilization lays at the foot of each. Nay, more, a North that walks humbly under its own great responsibility and in the face of defeats and failures looks with gentle eye upon the failures of others.

What is meant by the South? A territory from the Atlantic westward to the slopes of Texas, from the Ohio river southward to the sea. An empire within us, one whose resources and possibilities have scarcely been dreamed.

Until half a century ago aristocrat and plebeian formed its sparse population; the former living in comparative ease and luxury upon the labor of his slave, the latter living with as little effort as sufficed for existence. Under slavery labor naturally was a thing tabooed by the white man, hence while the North was forging ahead even before the war, multiplying its products and planting its manufactories, the South rarely ventured beyond the beaten pathway of cotton and cane and tobacco and with the prices of these raw materials its prosperity went up or down.

Then came that awful cataclysm that swept away her sons and possessions and after the nightmare of desolation and bereavement had in part passed away, empty-handed, broken-hearted the untrained remnants took up the shattered work.

What the South has accomplished in these less than fifty years is little short of the miraculous and in adjustment to strange and trying conditions, social and industrial, neither white man nor black man has been found wanting.

But with all its progress, its teeming fields and busy mines, and noisy factories and wharfs, still the vast possibilities of this empire lie in the future.

It is the land of promise to enterprise and labor. Because of its abundant and cheap lands, its easily acquired homes, its soil tillable two-thirds of a year and climate reducing fuel and clothing to a minimum, it is the wide open door of opportunity to the young man.

Again it is the land of promise because of its industrial freedom always excepting the large centers. Man here is his own master. The dollar is not yet organized into a trust, nor does the worker wear the collar of labor. There is room and welcome for individual initiative and small capital finds easy breathing and outside of cities these conditions will be likely to continue. The slavery in which man was compelled to work without wages has passed, but the slavery in which man is compelled to remain idle without food for his family has not and I believe will not come. Freedom lies in nature. The foot that can press the soil and feel the thrill of ownership will not be fettered. You cannot

enslave those whose assets are the earth and sky, the sunshine and the shower.

Again the South is the land of hope because a large part of its labor adapted to climate and conditions is on the ground, indigenous to the soil. The negro came here, was brought here, early in our history, a stranger to our clothing, customs, food, work, civilization and religion. He was brought here under most oppressive conditions. His visible opportunities were bounded by four letters, W-O-R-K; yet in spite of the bondage without and the bondage within he has formed the chief industrial factor of the South, and is bound to be the dominant industrial element of the future.

There has been talk of deportation of the negro. You can as easily and righteously deport Chicago. There has been talk of segregation of the negro. With as much reason and justice can you segregate the Irish. And in all frankness there has been much idle and hurtful talk over the black man, useless and uncalled for discussions, Chautauqua orations and debates, rehashes of old truths and new truths and truths that never were truths except as applied to certain classes or sections or local environments. Much criticism of white and black, much fire eating of fire eaters, North and South, much advising by those who knew least—all of which work injury, inflaming the illiterate Bourbon to greater prejudice and hatred and inflating the more foolish African to greater laziness and loftiness, while the thoughtful are grieved and depressed.

When a senator comes north to amuse or madden a Chautauqua audience over the "nigger question," as he calls it, for so much a night, there is harm done, even though he befriends, as he is said to do, every colored man and every colored school within his reach.

When an eloquent editor steps upon the most classic platform from which he is heralded over the land as the Sir Oracle of the South, and belittles and berates the race from whose breast he drew his early sustenance, there is harm done even though the purpose might honestly have been to enlighten the people.

And when a governor openly proclaims that the race is deteriorating and education of the negro means the increasing of criminals there is harm done even though that same governor throws himself as he did before a raging mob to save the life of the commonest black man. And when you, we, write long and learned articles in magazines and newspapers upon the "Race Problem," who shall settle it and how to settle it, dealing with pen and ink in elements whose solvent is centuries, awakening the memories of the past, and deepening the differences of the present, there is harm done even though you may have only the spirit of the Master within you.

We might as well know first, last and always that upon this question the South will not accept advice from the North. It has little respect for our knowledge, living apart from conditions, but aside from this the feeling of resentment that we are again meddling is the lingering price of the war and the compounded interest and confounded interest of the carpet-bag years of reconstruction.

As for myself I wish never to hear the term, race problem, again. At bottom there is no race problem, but there is a human problem and a mighty one. Every nation has one of some kind. Russia has several as the imprisoned thinker, the oppressed Polander and the persecuted Jew can testify. Turkey has one dripping with the blood of the Armenian. Great Britain has one across the channel slowly solving with the tick of centuries. The North has one measured by the dollar and the commotion in our city these past weeks gives evidence that we are yet only in the barbaric stage of its solution. The South has one measured by the complexion. All these human problems are here because the golden rule is not here.

But because your lips are sealed in the way of advice they may not, nay, they must not, be sealed in the face of violence and outrage and injustice. They must not be sealed in the way of sympathy and coöperation for every earnest effort upward. They must not be sealed in the way of appreciation of the almost insurmountable difficulties that loom up at times before white and black alike. But let us speak as man to man; let us plead as brother to brother, and not as section to section. The political monger North and South has too long used the race question as a rallying point of sectionalism and the humanitarian cannot afford to walk even in the semblance of his shadow.

The negro is here and to stay. He would not go elsewhere if he could, the white man would not let him if he would. They were brought up together and each forms a natural and as a rule a friendly, environment of the other. It is a compliment to their heart-life that they rise or fall together. An injury to one rebounds on the other, and an inspiration bears both upward alike. What is wrong, and much is wrong, time will right, and is righting today. Be patient. It is slow, this watching the unfoldment of a race. A cyclone may level a forest in a night, but its regrowth is of centuries. And there is everything in the regrowth or rather new growth, of the South that is hopeful and inspiring, the greater part of which never finds its way into public print. Honesty and decent living get no head lines, not even in Chicago papers. When in England in 1896 I remember how eagerly I scanned the London dailies for American news and as a rule found but three things reported: stock markets, cyclones and lynchings. Our great, orderly, progressive life was not worth the cablegram. Be patient. The mills are grinding, lynchings are decreasing, courts are more just, contracts are held more sacredly, education is more respected, and greater encouragement is given to the acquiring of property. Justice is alive and on foot.

If there are still strange outcroppings know that while slavery is a thing of the past it cast its shadow forward and thrust its burden on generations unborn. No one living is responsible for this heritage. It came unsought to the men and women of today, and they have met it honorably, battling with inherited tendencies within and inherited fruitage without. An instance of this heritage came to me this winter. The cook said there was a man at the door asking for food and was told to send him to the woodpile in true orthodox charity fashion. After a time I went out and found a well-dressed, handsome young man wrestling with an old ax with head down. "How does this come?" I asked in surprise. "A fine fellow like you." He looked up and said, "I find myself in a very peculiar condition. We went on a strike in Jacksonville, lost our job and I am on my way to another in Pensacola."

"What was the cause of the strike?"

"Oh, they hired some niggers and we wouldn't work with them."

"But they could not do your work, *expert* work?"

"Oh, yes, they could do anything."

I thought for a time and he had a chance to think; then the silence was broken.

"So you wouldn't work with a colored man?"

"No."

"You wouldn't work with a colored man, but you would come to the door and ask for something to eat of a colored woman and that colored woman would

send you behind the house to the wood pile to chop wood, to do what is called a regular 'darkey's' job."

He had to smile a little and then said, "It's very strange and there's no sense in it and I can't explain it and I can't help it. It was born in me." Something born in one that places pride of race above pride of manhood. We do not understand it; we simply say a heritage. Wait.

Neither do they understand us when we speak of equality of opportunities and rights. That strange dictionary is still extant in which equality means social equality, social equality means drawing room, and dining room miscellany something never in your thought, something which the black man as a race will not have. The racial desire is to build up for itself. For some time the colored Presbyterian Church South was an integral part of the white Presbyterian Church, but later became independent at its own request. Every racial instinct is for churches and schools and social life independent, and the negro is no exception.

I said to my young friend, "I've lived in New York most of my life, where we feed at the door, and in Chicago several years, where many ask for bread, and here in Florida, where a few come, but in my experience never yet has a black hand been extended for alms."

No, the colored man is no beggar. We have fed and blanketed the Indian to his and our own disgrace, but the negro is not a pensioner, and, contrary to tradition, he is not a thief. History will some day write him down with as keen a sense of property rights as any race of corresponding age, infinitely superior to us, who at his time of life were lambasting our forerunners and stealing their castles and their wives.

"But the black man is degenerating." Now, what shall we say to this oft-repeated honest charge? It is true and not true. There is a class moving forward so rapidly we can hardly keep the step, entering every field and honoring every work. But this as yet must be limited in numbers though increasing daily. There is another and more numerous type that figures in the records of the courts, and the brawls reported by the press, the low, idle, ignorant, vagrant, drinking, arms-bearing class, degenerates, if such a term should be used, made more degenerate by the corresponding type of whites. I believe this class is increasing. They huddle together in centers, moving from city to city, and when their old haunts grow unsafe they make for the woods, the lumber camps and turpentine stills. These are the ones held in fear by women. There is no woman in our town that would distrust our home-grown negroes—those with families and little homes and farms—but there is no woman whose husband would allow her to remain in an isolated home on the roads leading to the stills and camps. For the existence of this class the South is responsible, just as you are responsible for the slums of this city, and no more. Many causes contribute to their condition, but foremost among them is the greed of man. Wherever you find these you find the whisky flask and the drug habit of some kind. Now the South is largely a local option country. For its persistence and bravery in fighting the drink evil it shames our northern people. To be sure, women here do valiant work, aided by some men, most of whom have no great business interests to suffer. But in the South the officials feel they have a duty, the newspapers speak out, the courts read the law and the business man is as brave as the other fellow. All the States are in part under prohibition, and many almost wholly. All counties but six are no-licensed in our State (Florida), yet there is licensed territory enough to ship it in and railroads to bring it or bootleggers where the railways do not go, and in spite of the vigilance of the people the debauchery goes on. Added to this, and even worse in effect if possible, is the traffic in drugs. Unprincipled druggists line their agents with cocaine and other stuff to peddle out in these haunts of vice, and there is scarcely a crime, whatever its name in court, that is not directly traceable to these causes. The great class between these two extremes is moving on, but with one serious handicap, the lack of manual training. Slavery gave some hand training, more or less intelligent, to all. Each had to know how to do something. Farming, dairying, carpentering, blacksmithing, tailoring and dressmaking after a fashion were all drilled into them on the plantation. The next generation, with no teachers, had to catch these things on the fly, if at all. Hence, so much poor service, uncertain jobs, idleness and the consequent **wrongdoing.**

And right here is the pivotal weakness of the new conditions, a weakness that was inevitable. We have made all sorts of diagnoses, but it was left to General Armstrong and Booker T. Washington and others who have followed to teach the world that what a young race needs first is to be fitted to *do* something, make itself a necessity, acquire property, get a foothold in the world, and it is only through this that it can live decently, win respect and self-respect and become other than a nuisance or a menace to a community.

Book learning is the right of every man and he shall have it, but attempted book learning alone to a people without means of support or moral anchorage is a mental miscarriage. Suffrage is the right of every man and he shall have it, but to place special stress upon securing this right until there is fitness for it is a wrong to the literate and the illiterate, and this applies with the same force to white and black and yellow. The South knows this and it is only a question of time when the "grandfathers'" clause will slip out of the constitutions of all of the States that have inserted it as it is now slipping from some, and the educational test will apply to both races alike.

But now a wiser policy of ministering to the black man prevails and an ever increasing number of industrial schools with training of hand and head are sending out hundreds of young men and women each year fitted for lines of manual labor, trades and professions, and with this era will come a new day. Fifty years ago the negro owned not even himself. Now his farms are assessed at $230,000,000, his live stock $80,000,000 and his books $8,000,000 more, a record of which any race may be proud, while schools are advancing in numbers and efficiency to make illiteracy in the coming future a thing of the past.

I have chosen this subject and dwelt at length upon this phase of it because I feel that the Congress of Religion that knows no section but God's Universe, no race but man, no creed but love, should look longingly toward this large and awakening field.

The South is hungry, hungry for a word of affirmation and appreciation, hungry to hear it said, "My brother, your cross has been heavy but you have triumphed, and your triumph is an inspiration to every upward-looking people and a glory and honor to our own. We are proud of you, white and black. We believe in you; we trust you; we love you." Oh, what glad words of affirmation to ears unaccustomed to their accents, and what blessed fruit of human love and endeavor would they bear. And never until this

assurance goes forth from heart here to heart there shall we see the real unbounded greatness of the new South.

The South is hungry for a larger faith and vision, for a gospel wide as the interests of many and deep as the heart of love. A warmth and welcome await your message there, and then under the illumination of this God within and God without all things shall be stamped with the Divine and the color of the skin be as the hues of the rainbow or the tints of autumn leaves and mistakes and failures but a part of the ever turning-toward the higher and better. Then the New North and the New South will become one in the blessing and joy of the new Faith.

THE STUDY TABLE.

What God Hath (Not) Joined is the title of a divorce-question novel by Orr Kenyon, published by Dodge Publishing Co., New York. It is merely a tract in story form, evidencing not the slightest sense of art and form, inchoate as to development, flat and weak as to characterization. It holds the doubly indefensible position of a narrow and cheap conservatism in creed, and a deplorable radicalism in point of morality and ethics. It is a crude attempt to justify divorce on other grounds than infidelity, by a casuistic and unconvincing appeal to a re-interpretation of Bible authority.

The July *Bibelot* contains two specimens of the exquisite prose of Oscar Wilde, "poet, apostle of Beauty, and aesthetic in general," the one a "Lecture on the English Renaisance," Mr. Wilde's first lecture before the American public delivered in New York in January, 1882; the other "Rose Leaf and Apple Leaf: L'Envoi," an introduction to a book of verse by his friend, Mr. Rennell Rodd. In the first lecture Mr. Wilde, after describing the principles of Pre-Raphaelitism, makes a plea for the development of the spirit and love of beauty in America:

> It is rather perhaps to you that we would turn to complete and perfect this great movement of ours, for there is something Hellenic in your air and world, something that has a quicker breath of the joy and power of Elizabeth's England about it than our ancient civilization can give us. . . . For the voices that have their dwelling in sea and mountain are not the chosen music of liberty only. Other messages are there in the wonder of wind-swept heights and the majesty of the silent deep—messages that, if you will listen to them, will give you the wonder of all new imagination, the treasure of all new beauty. . . . This devotion to beauty and to the creation of beautiful things is the test of all great civilizations; it is what makes the life of each citizen a sacrament and not a speculation. For beauty is the only thing that time cannot harm. Philosophies fall away like sand, creeds follow one another, but what is beautiful is a joy for all seasons, a possession for all eternity.

Each issue of the *Bibelot* has a fresh charm. We watch for the monthly coming of the little magazine with anticipation of renewed delight in the spirit of beauty.

R. P. D.

The devotion to beauty and to the creation of beautiful things is the test of all great civilizations; it is what makes the life of each citizen a sacrament and not a speculation. For beauty is the only thing that time cannot harm. Philosophies fall away like sand, creeds follow one another, but what is beautiful is a joy for all seasons, a possession for all eternity.

—*Oscar Wilde.*

THE HOME.

ALL CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MRS. WILLIAM KENT, 5112 KIMBARK AVENUE, CHICAGO.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—There is no worse robber than a bad book.

MON.—Who has a mouth let him not say to another "Blow."

TUES.—When thou seest thy house in flames approach and warm thyself by it.

WED.—He who laughs at an impertinence makes himself its accomplice.

THURS.—By the street of "Bye and Bye" one arirves at the house of "Never."

FRI.—If I am master and thou art master who shall drive the asses?

SAT.—Every day in thy life is a leaf in thy history.

—*Proverbs from Trench on the Study of Words.*

In Goblintown.

Goblins live in Goblintown—
Funniest place I know;
Half the houses upside down;
Goblins build 'em so.

Some with doorsteps in the air,
Chimneys underground;
Goblins make them anyhow,
Leave them standing round.

Just the way the goblins have,
Nothing fixed up right;
Goblins lie and sleep all day,
Have to work at night.

All the streets in Goblintown
Don't run anywhere;
Seem to go just round and round;
Goblins do not care.

Lots of fun in Goblintown,
Circus every night;
Can't make goblins go to school
Just to read and write.

Goblins queerest kind of folks,
Look like great big flies;
Have balloons instead of heads,
Bottle glass for eyes.

Goblins pull their heads right off,
Toss them in the sky;
When you think they're gone for good,
Catch them on the fly.

Goblins whittle toadstools out
While they're standing 'round;
When there's nothing else to do,
Stick 'em in the ground.

When a goblin wants to fly
All he has to do,
Just to flap his ears and howl,
Then away he'll go.

Want to go to Goblintown?
Only just one way;
Just you take some pitch dark night
When the moon's away.

Don't you say a simple word,
Just you go to bed;
Let your mamma tuck you in,
Little sleepy head.

Just pretend to go to sleep,
As you always do,
Till you hear the old town clock
Striking one or two.

Then you just crawl out of bed,
Creep right down the stair.
Go and stand behind the pump—
Always goblins there.

Call out, Goblin, goblin, come!
And they'll run to you;
Then they'll beat the goblin down,
As they always do.

Climb upon the goblin's back,
Hold on tight, of course;
Canter off to Goblintown
On a goblin horse.

Lose your way in Goblintown?
Awful easy to;
First you know you're somewhere else,
Some one else is you.

Get you home from Goblintown?
Guess you'd better stay
Till you hear the breakfast bell;
That's the quickest way.
—*From Knight and Barbara, by David Starr Jordan.*

An Old Cat's Kindly Concern.

A friend and inmate of our home was a lover of animals, large and small, and was always interesting herself in their behalf.

In the barn lived a number of cats, one of them the mother of several young kittens.

My friend was in the habit of visiting this family of pretty fur babies and one day noticed that they were afflicted with sore eyes—which she gently bathed with heated milk and water. After a few repetitions of the treatment they appeared to be well.

An old feline called by my friend "the grandmother cat," had been a close observer of her ministrations, and later when for some reason the good woman had failed for a few days to make her accustomed call on the barn residents and was standing on the back porch of the house, the "grandmother cat" appeared at her feet, then walked part of the way to the barn and returned, repeating the short journeys until followed by the friend whom she was evidently trying to impress with the fact that she was needed, and who reached the kitten's corner to find them again with sore eyes.

Of course they were treated accordingly to the relief of the sufferers and the satisfaction of the two compassionate agents in their cure.

The kittens remained free of ills, and the "grandmother" was quite content. L. L. C.

The Flower of Safety.

How do the many days when we are safe
Run at full speed, and leave no lasting mark,
No danger threatens, and no dread have we
Of what may shortly stab us in the dark.

Serene the flow of uneventful life,
Even rumor brings to us no stirring news,
Old wrongs and sins of other days are dead,
And to recall them our glad hearts refuse.

Safe, safe from all the perils which beset
So many lives; we read the record o'er
And thank the kindly hand which leads us on
Through pleasant ways unto the farther shore.

But suddenly one day when we are glad
The nettle danger stings, no warning given;
The world grows black, the air is charged with pain,
And not a star peers from the arc of heaven.

Hath he who kept us all the years forgot?
Hath life been thus to some poor hearts alway?
Can this thick darkness e'er again be pierced?
Safety staid long, and so may danger stay?

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

Sow an act
And you reap a habit.
Sow a habit
And you reap a character.
Sow a character
And you reap a destiny.
—*W. M. Thackeray.*

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THE FIELD.

'The World is my Country to do good is my Religion.''

Foreign Notes.

THE WOMAN OF THE HOUR; THE NEED AND THE OPPORTUNITY.—Slowly but surely America is becoming aware of the beneficent work that, undismayed by inevitable difficulties inherent in the task, or by misunderstanding and misrepresentation that put needless obstacles in her way, Miss Emily Hobhouse has started in South Africa for the relief of the well-nigh ruined Boers, and is developing with a farseeing judgment and executive ability that are certain eventually to place her name among the world's beloved heroines.

Could her own letters, as they come from South Africa, be given to the public, one can but feel that they would prove the most effective presentation of the necessity and value of the effort she is making. Unfortunately, in her native land the intensity of feeling engendered by the war is still too strong to make such publication feasible, while the few friends already won in America have only occasional extracts from these letters, supposed to be for private circulation only.

But surely we in America are far enough removed in time and place to be able to judge this work on its own merits and give it our hearty support, unmoved by partisan prejudices. I shall venture, therefore, to make what use I can of the extracts that lie before me to present the cause once more before leaving for Geneva.

While to a certain extent the comparatively temporary relief work is still carried on along the lines first laid down by Miss Hobhouse, the chief interest now centers about the industrial work that is being so steadily and faithfully developed under her own supervision and in spite of difficulties both anticipated and unforeseen. Here was a thrifty, prosperous, agricultural people, deprived by the horrors of war of farm buildings, crops, cattle, implements; all the wanted means of making a livelihood. Many were now the widows and orphans facing a poverty unknown before. Once the most pressing needs were met, the cultivation of the land somewhat reëstablished, the problem was to find some remunerative occupation for the women and young girls. This is the task to which Miss Hobhouse is now addressing herself with such wise insight and grasp of the conditions that a breath of new hope and life seems to follow wherever she goes.

Starting in Philippolis, a small place in the Orange River Colony, she opened her school and began teaching a small number of girls to spin and weave. Many were the applications refused simply for lack of seats and spinning wheels.

Some things must necessarily come, at least for a time, from abroad, but the keynote of the whole undertaking is self-help, developing and utilizing native resources and talent. Hence we find Miss Hobhouse and her little band absorbed in testing and experimenting with the native wools and dyes.

The first letters to sympathizing friends and supporters tell of these: "First, there is the merino, of excellent quality, very soft but rather short and not of staying power for hard wear. I can spin very fine with it, like Shetland, and think it will make excellent flannel. Next, there is a coarse mixed wool and this, I hope, will make strong rugs and carpets; then there is black wool and, lastly, the lovely Angora goats abound which yield the soft mohair."

With quick interest and eager coöperation the older people watch these efforts. The farmers offer to copy the spinning

wheels, but, alas! since the war wood is scarce and very expensive. One wheel, however, has been made, "and not bad at all. I set a new girl to spin on it yesterday, for the first time of her trying, and to my astonishment in less than an hour she could spin quite fine flax," writes Miss Hobhouse, and adds: "The aptitude and intelligence of the girls are very striking and make the teaching a great pleasure, however fatiguing."

"Several girls have already brought me plants that yield dye and one gave me bits of wool neatly tied in packets and labeled, which she and her mother had experimented upon, using golden syrup tins to boil the dye. I wish I had even such utensils, for pots and pans are scarce and a dreadful price to purchase. I have been forced to buy some large ones for washing and scouring the wool and dyeing, but I have not nearly enough."

In a subsequent letter she reports further: "During the five days holiday we gave at Easter, each girl promised to find dyes on the veldt, and each was given some wool to experiment upon. The result was quite a nice collection of colors.

"It seems that in early Boer days, I mean the years following closely on the great trek, dyeing was much practiced by the women. Mrs. Eloff tells me her mother (Mrs. Kruger) did much of it, while Oom Paul made his own buttons and his own combs. We are trying, therefore, to collect all the old knowledge about dyes before it has quite vanished. The girls have now each a dye book and stick therein a sample of every color and write the name of the plant which yields it, also the process employed."

There are many charming little bits in these letters, so graphic that one almost sees and feels what is going on. Such is the account of her "at home" day when farmers came long distances "just to shake hands. Their delight when I showed them yarn washed, picked, carded, spun and dyed from their very own farm sheep, was most gratifying."

In another letter she tells quite humorously of "our dish cloths" made from some hanks of cotton given the beginners to practice on. "They did it so nicely it struck me the cloth would make good kitchen towels, a kind of thing I had tried in vain to find for my house. So I bought some of it myself and sent it as a present to the minister. I believe it will never be used in his kitchen, but one part will be preserved in the archives (so to speak) of Philippolis, as the first web ever produced in the Orange River Colony, while with some he went to Bloemfontein and elsewhere, everywhere displaying our dish cloths. The result was many orders and I shall have to keep the girls hard at it to turn off as many yards as we can. We shall also sell any number of socks."

Finally, she herself turns commercial traveler and goes north with samples of the various products of the little group of new industrials at Philippolis. The scene changes to the cities and the evidence accumulates that this is indeed a saving, revivifying work of far-reaching possibilities, if only the needed funds for the initial stages can be secured.

I quote again for I know nothing so likely to appeal to the hearts and pockets of generous and practical Americans as her own simple statement of conditions. Writing from Johannesburg, May 12, she says:

"I came here, as you know, to show the samples of the girls' work, and to discuss with leading men my best plan for the future. It was most encouraging to see how surprised and interested most people were by the variety and quality of the work, and during the past twelve days my 'pack' has had to be undone countless times. The rugs and mats are especially admired, and I have many orders for them as well as other things.

"There is a strong desire that we shall establish our work. There are certain well-defined districts, such as Vrededorp, Burghersdorp and Braanfontein, where are collected a mass of Boer families who, after a fruitless effort to start up again on their own land, were pressed by the starvation I witnessed a year and a half ago, to leave the country and drift into the towns for shelter and the chance of getting paid work. For these it has been very hard. Many of them are of good family, connected with the best people, and the *whole* population of these districts is on the verge of sinking into a permanent poor 'slum class,' which is a new thing in this country and reduces the white to the level, or rather below the level, of the black.

"Some Jews have recently set up some cigarette factories, and many girls are there employed at very low wages, while others have to work under coolies in the lower class cafés and the laundries. How deeply this sort of thing cuts the Boers, and how rapidly they lose their self-respect in this change of circumstances, it is difficult to make clear to those unfamiliar with the thought and habits of the country.

"The minister and other gentlemen here urge very strongly that we should come to the help of these districts and make a fresh opening for the women. Not far from these poor districts is Langleegte, where Mr. Kriel has his great orphanage, now numbering 250 children. We are strongly urged—even implored—to establish ourselves there, so as to teach the orphans of twelve years and above, and as the places are near each other we could easily work both if the initial difficulties (money) can be overcome. I should, of course, employ some of our Philippolis pupils to teach their compatriots."

Accompanying these suggestive extracts comes this testimony from Mme. degli Asinelli, of Geneva: "I have received some enthusiastic letters from Boer clergymen who, as a rule, are quiet and *'sobres de paroles,'* the effect is all the deeper. They say that in the mining districts this work will save the girls who are haggard and half-starved, and accept anything, however vile, for a piece of bread."

Who can read these suggestions unmoved, and who can begin to estimate what a little timely aid to these dawning local industries may mean for the future of South Africa? I am just in receipt of a contribution of $25 from Mrs. Wm. G. Hibbard. By the middle of August I expect to be in Geneva. What a pleasure it would be if I could transmit personally to Mme. degli Asinelli a substantial sum for the cause she has so much at heart. Who will add to the fund? Contributions will be gratefully received up to July 29, and will be acknowledged in UNITY. Address until that date,

M. E. H.

The John Crerar Library, Chicago.

The truths of art cannot be taught. They are revealed only—revealed to natures which have made themselves receptive of all beautiful impressions by the study of and the worship of all beautiful things.

—Oscar Wilde.

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